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HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904.

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The Times' Daily Short Story.

A Blight.

(Original.)
Elmer Throop at school and college was a promising young man. After receiving his education he went abroad to complete medical studies in Paris. At his departure he was full of hope, life, vigor. He returned a changed man. His exuberant spirits were replaced by a melancholy. He shunned social life and for several years instead of practicing his profession did nothing. He never will be the man he would have been because of an episode that occurred to him while abroad.

In Paris Throop fell in with Philip Marchand, a man ten years older than himself, with whom he became intimate. Marchand was not a medical man. He appeared to be a gentleman of means, hailing from the south of France. He and Throop usually dined together at a cafe and when not otherwise engaged visited places of amusement in company. One evening after Throop had been out to a social gathering he called at Marchand's rooms in an ecstasy over a woman he had met there—Mlle. Annette Beauchemin.

"What is she like?" asked his friend.
"Tall, fair, hair light as a Swede's, blue eyes. But all this is nothing compared with an indescribable expression, an expression that denotes a depth of character to fit her to be a queen."

Throop did not rest till he had called upon Mlle. Beauchemin. His infatuation did not cool. On the contrary, it grew apace, fed by a mystery that hung about the lady. Her name was French, and she claimed to be a Frenchwoman, but she spoke the language with an accent. She explained this by saying that she had lived much in other countries. She was about Throop's age and lived alone with a maid in an apartment whose furnishings denoted that she was possessed of considerable means. What people she knew were of the best, but she knew very few and did not seem to care to know more. For one so well fitted to shine in society she seemed singularly averse to it. Indeed, Throop found it impossible to induce her to appear with him in public.

All this the young doctor communicated to his friend. "I fear something wrong about her," he added, "and if there is I shall be a wrecked man, for I feel that my very life is dependent upon her. I am gaining her affection—that I know—but if there is any obstacle to marriage what will it be worth to me?"

"I will give you a plan by which you may find out all about her," said Marchand. "If you can contrive to put it in practice. A woman's history is written in her clothes. Get a sight of her wardrobe, and you shall know all."

The idea, at first scorned, took hold of Throop, and one afternoon, having called on Mlle. Beauchemin when she

was not at home, he told her maid that he would wait for her to come in. The maid was about to go out herself, but, knowing of Throop's intimacy with her mistress, left him in the apartments. The temptation was too great to be resisted. He went into the different rooms and inspected the wardrobe. The costumes varied. A few were rich, others ordinary, and there was one that he thought should have belonged to a peasant. What surprised him was fur trimmings on most of the garments, and fur wraps were in abundance. But when he came upon a man's suit, with hat and boots, he was astonished, dismayed.

Returning to the living room, he wrote with a feverish hand a few words on his card giving an excuse for not waiting and hastily left the apartments. From there he went straight to his friend's rooms. Marchand noticed that there was something on his mind, but waited till he should express it. The confidence did not come at once, but Throop finally told the whole story, asking at the finish: "What do you think it means?"

"It is a mystery indeed," replied Marchand, "and looks bad. I would advise you to cut mademoiselle out of your life. Go home to America and marry some one who doesn't need peasant dresses and men's suits. And now I must leave you. Tomorrow I expect to go away from Paris, not to return for some time. Good-by."

Throop was too intent upon the revelations and their possible consequences to himself to think much about his friend's departure.

The next morning he arose and went to a cafe for breakfast. After giving his order he languidly opened his paper. One of the first items that arrested his attention under an appropriate heading was the following:

"At midnight an arrest was made of a woman who is charged with an attempt on the life of the chief of police at St. Petersburg. She has been living in Paris under the name of Annette Beauchemin. By some she is supposed to be the daughter of a prominent Russian nobleman, by others a peasant and by others the person who threw a bomb six months ago in Warsaw. One of the cleverest of French detectives, employed by the Russian police, got on her track by winning the confidence of a young American who has been devoted to her."

"Is monsieur ill?" asked the proprietor of the cafe, tapping Throop on the shoulder.

Throop stared at the man blankly, then staggered out of the cafe. He followed the woman he had unwittingly betrayed to St. Petersburg, but found the lips of the police sealed with regard to her. He finally learned that she was the daughter of a noble and had committed political crimes disguised under various garbs, once as a peasant girl, once as a man. But whether she was sent to Siberia or secretly executed he does not know to this day. ESTHER BRERETON.

SPENT \$71
IN 15 YEARS

Woonig of Girl Who Pays
Money Back

WHEN SHE REFUSED HIM

Man Rejected Because He "Would Not Live With a Mother-in-Law Sends In An Itemized Bill—Time Lost From Hay Field, \$10.

Obernburg, N. Y., April 23.—Fame in her winged flight has rested on this little town, 15 miles from the railroad and not even on the map, for Obernburg has furnished to the world the spectacle of a man charging a girl for courting her. The man rendered a bill as though love had been nothing more romantic than the scale of his money, and then gloried that sentiment could be utilized as a purely commercial consideration.

The story is rich in practicality. Fifteen years ago, when Joe Moser was a gay young lass of 25, he fell in love with Barbara Rutz, a rosy-cheeked lass about his own age, the belle of the village, whose admirers crowded nearly every young man in the hamlet.

Courship resolved itself into the same round of buggy rides, picnics and the rest of those bucolic pleasures which are indelibly linked with the town "go-in-together." People began to wonder when the fair Barbara would preside over the Moser household.

Years went by, however—so many, in fact, that Obernburg took the Moser-Rutz love affair as a matter of course—and their courtship was looked upon as something which would be as regular as the coming of day and night.

One day, however, the farmers were startled to learn that Joe had mustered up his courage, popped the question and had set the wedding day.

Obernburg sat up and took notice, but so used had it been to seeing the courtship of Joe and Barbara stay where it began 15 years before that the doleful ones prophesied that it wouldn't and couldn't be possible that the couple would be married.

Hardly had the surprise of learning that there was to be a wedding subsided, when there was a shocking recurrence. It became known that Barbara had given Joe the mitten.

The news was given to the world in the Obernburg column of the weekly county paper and ran like wild fire around the surrounding country.

The cause became known. Barbara's father had died and left her a large farm, and while Joe was willing to move his chert and himself to the farm, he objected to having her mother live with him and his wife, and the engagement was off.

Then Barbara heard that Joe was bemoaning the money he had spent on her during the days of love's young dream. Spirited to a degree, she told the neighbors that if Joe Moser felt that she had cost him anything he could send a bill for the amount and it would be paid.

Now Joe had the reputation of being "near," but when told about Barbara's dictum, nobody thought he would accept it literally. But that is exactly what happened. Joe sent in a bill of expenses covering the entire fifteen years of courtship. Here's the bill:

To expenses North Branch fair.	\$ 9.00
To merry-go-round rides	3.00
To popcorn	2.00
To candy, including peppermint	2.00
Sunday nights	6.00
To maple sugar	4.00
To crinkles	1.00
Time lost on moonlight nights	8.00
In having season	8.00
Charge for buggy to Mrs. Froelich's party	3.00
Repairing buggy reins	.35
To Tennessee lake dances	4.40
Charge for buggy rides in hay season; no charge in slack time	12.00
Repairing roof of mother's house	2.00
Sundries, which don't include many things not charged for.	2.00
Total	\$71.75

Rich and Poor.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the man who marries a rich wife often gets a poor one.—Somerville Journal.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever

Dr. T. Felix Gaudreau's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.

Removes Tan, Freckles, Eruptions, Moles, Pimples, Marks, and every blemish on beauty, and does so delicately. It has stood the test of 25 years, and is so harmless we can't be too liberal in its use. It is a perfect skin food, and is recommended by the highest authorities. "As you believe will you win."—Gaudreau's Cream is the best. It is sold by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the United States, Canada and Europe. SEND T. HOPKINS, Prop., 57 Great Jones Street, New York.

Forewarned.
Landlady—I'm sorry to say, sir, that the coffee is exhausted.
Lodger—I'm not surprised. It has been very weak lately.—Strand.

AMUSEMENT NOTES

Hap Ward in a new musical comedy entitled, "Not Yet But Soon" will be seen at the opera house tonight. In this offering, Mr. Ward returns to the style of entertainment which first gained him renown as a comedian of unctuous methods and real humor. "Not Yet But Soon" is a happy blending of mirth, melody, dance, song and artful coloring, in which the auditor is troubled very little as to plot, but carried along on a wave of wholesome merriment. As Bill Nerve, Mr. Ward is said to be fitted with a part which suits his peculiar style of fun-making better than any vehicle he had for several seasons. He is called upon to impersonate an eccentric joke-loving and incorrigibly lazy individual who is brought to the sanitarium of Prof. Nutt, "Bog-house on the Hudson," as a last resort in the endeavor to cure him of his besetting sin of indolence. While in the care of the Professor, Bill amuses himself by fooling the other inmates of the sanitarium, and, incidentally, passes himself off as a celebrated nerve specialist when expected to arrive from Europe. Numerous musical numbers form no small portion of the attractiveness of "Not Yet But Soon," including several



HAP WARD
In "Not Yet But Soon" at the Barre Opera House To-night.

unusually catchy song hits. Manager E. D. Stair has spared no pains in mounting the pieces and two elaborate sets are carried, also many stunning costumes. Among Mr. Ward's principal assistants in "Not Yet But Soon" may be mentioned the names of Lucy Daly, Fred Weykoff, Robert Evans, Alex. Friedland, Richard Barry, John O. Hart, Harry Payant, Charles (Sandy) Chapman, Marian Merrill, Dorothy Wells and Madeline Buckley. Tickets now selling.

A Dramatic Event

"Snug Harbor," the new sea coast play, in which LeCompte and Fisher will present the distinguished character actor Henry Horton, late star of "Eben Holden" at the opera house on next Friday evening is a splendid story of the triumph of character over circumstances and the hearer's sympathy is at once enlisted in Cap'n Dan and his associates. Miss Louise Hardenburgh, a talented young actress will appear as Helen Langdon, the heroine of the play. The characters are bold, picturesque and convincing and the group of small town personages that make up the Fisher Folk add much to the humor of the tale. A mammoth and complete scenic production does justice to the romance of the fascinating subject. There is not a more quaint or wholesome type of American today than these Hardy Fisher Folk of Gloucester.

Forewarned.

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Lodger—I'm not surprised. It has been very weak lately.—Strand.

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is your assurance of our
guarantee filed with the
Secretary of Agriculture,
Washington, D. C., that

Hales'
of Honey
Horehound & Tar

the standard remedy for generations, is a safe and pleasant cure for coughs, colds and hoarseness. Get it of your druggist.

Pike's Toothache Drops
Cure in One Minute.

DIGGING ON PALATINE HILL.

Important Discovery Made When Circular Ditch Is Discovered.

Rome, April 23.—While celebrating the 2,650th anniversary of Rome, the founding of which is supposed to have taken place April 21, in the year 753 B. C., a most important discovery was made on Palatine Hill Sunday.

While trying to determine the entrance to the Palatine acropolis and also to explore the necropolis a circular ditch was found, evidently a pit or tomb. It is similar to those discovered on the Roman Forum and is believed to be connected with the earliest habitation and to have been constructed by the founders of the Palatine stronghold, as it is known the acropolis was reserved for the leaders in Palatine, and that the tombs surrounding it within the second range of fortified walls were only for the burial of patrician families. Minister of Instruction have ordered a continuation of the excavations.

MILLINERY MATTERS.

Topsy Turvy Hat Decorations—Feather Duster Plumes.

Unless the social lie rolls trippingly off his tongue many a man who thinks he knows about millinery, but who doesn't, may get himself disliked this spring when lovely woman asks if her hat is on right. The chances are that he will tell her that it is wrong side to for there is a departure in millinery which would suggest this mistake to all save the most observing. In other years the long sweeping plume of a



GRAY LINEN GOWN—5020, 5185.

hat was fastened to the left side. Now it has changed about and falls from the brim at the right. Several imported hats have plumes so long that they rest gracefully upon the wearer's shoulder. To the uninitiated and casual observer many of the fancy feathers used suggest the useful feather duster in their types, and indeed many of them are drawn from the same humble sources, though dyed and made up in a way that atone for their plebeian origin.

All sorts of hanging trimmings are seen on hats. Long streamers of ribbon, tulle and lace or shorter bows that fall over the forehead and drooping floral trimmings supported by tulle underneath feathers that reach quite to the shoulders are used on many of the more pretentious hats for state occasions.

Buckles of long, narrow shape are used effectively with ribbon trimmings, and on some of the newest Japanese shapes where crown and brim are merged, as in the regulation coolie hat, trimmings of velvet ribbon ending in long streamers at the back are dotted at intervals with bunches of small flowers, a revival of the early Victorian modes that are prominent.

The frock illustrated is in a gray French linen embroidered in self color. The waist can be admirably used as a separate blouse made up in any of the attractive shirt waist materials.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

LYNCH LAW
IN POLAND

Russian Industry Menaced by
Strike on Caspian Sea

SUPPLIES OF OIL FUEL

For the Great Factories Exhausted—Lodz Nationalists Execute a Socialist Murderer.

St. Petersburg, April 23.—Russian industry is in a critical situation owing to the continuance of the strike of sailors of the naphtha flotilla, on the Caspian Sea.

The efforts of Baron Taube, chief of the Gendarmes Corps, who has been detailed to deal independently with the strike, have not been successful. Only ten of several hundred tank steamers are in operation, and both sides are determined to continue the tie-up.

The oil residue, known as mazout, is the principal fuel used by the factories in Central Russia, the stocks of which, ordinarily replenished during the spring floods, when the Volga branches are navigable for big steamers into the remote interior of Russia, are now exhausted, and a veritable panic has been precipitated on the Kazan Bourse by the announcement that no mazout is available even for steamers fuel. Leading industrial magnates have telegraphed to the Lower House of Parliament asking that body to intervene.

To Be Taken as You Will.

She—You can always tell a Harvard man.

He—(from New Haven)—Yes; but you can't tell him much.—Harper's Weekly.

THE HEIGHT OF COMFORT

can always be found in every EMERSON SHOE, because no matter what the shape of your foot you can find the right last to fit it comfortably. Let us show you the right last in the latest style. If you once wear



no other shoe will satisfy you.

Barre Shoe Co.

131 N. Main St., BARRE, VT.

HATED GENERAL IS SHIFTED FROM SEBASTOPOL POST.

Nepuleff Will Never Leave Alive, However, Foes Say.

Sebastopol, April 23.—The petitions for the transfer of Gen. Nepuleff, commander of the fortress here, to some other command have resulted in his appointment to command Kovvo Fortress. The revolutionary committee declares, however, that the general will never leave Sebastopol alive.

GOLOVIN TO BE RECEIVED BY THE CZAR TOMORROW.

President of The Duma Is Granted an Audience.

St. Petersburg, April 23.—Mr. Golovin, president of the Lower House of Parliament, has been notified by Baron Fredericks, minister of the Imperial House, that he will be received in audience by the emperor at Tsarskoe-Selo tomorrow afternoon.

Isn't This Town
A Pretty Good Town?
If Not, Why Not?

How do you like the town you live in? Pretty fair sort of place, isn't it? Otherwise, you'd move to some other town, wouldn't you?

But you don't think much of this town, you say? Well, what's the matter with this town? If there's anything wrong, let's all get together and right it.

All of us live here, and we ought to pull together. Nobody living in New York or Chicago or St. Louis or San Francisco is going to do any pulling FOR us.

On the contrary, some of those cities are doing a lot of pulling FROM us. They not only pull away some of our best young men as the boys grow up, but they pull away many of our good American dollars, which ought to be spent right here, where they would do the most good.

What is your favorite book? The Mail Order Catalogue? Ah, so we thought!

Now suppose, just for a change, you read your local paper carefully, watch the advertisements, and if you don't see what you want ask the home merchant for it. Suppose all of us trade at home a little more regularly. That ought to help make this a better town.

And maybe if we'd keep more of our money at home to build up the town we'd keep more of our boys at home.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

Goods at Cost!

And the cost is small when you insure in the old Vermont Mutual Fire Insurance Company. Get rates and learn how to save and honest dollar.

R. G. ROBINSON, Agent,

Telephone 29-2. Office in Wood Block, Barre, Vt.

An advertisement in the Times
will bring sure results.

KORN-KINKS
MALTED CORN FLAKES

Ready to
Serve
Hot or
Cold 5¢

Kornelia Kinks done have a great plan,
To pain on each melon de ole bogie man;
"Dem darkeys," said she, "will be skeered to come round
And pick de ripe melons from off'n de ground."

The most surprising thing about "Korn-Kinks" is that everybody likes it and nobody tires of it. You never tasted anything like it, and no other food is so healthful, easily digested and sustaining. Try it—only 5 cents, at your Grocer's.

THE H-O CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

